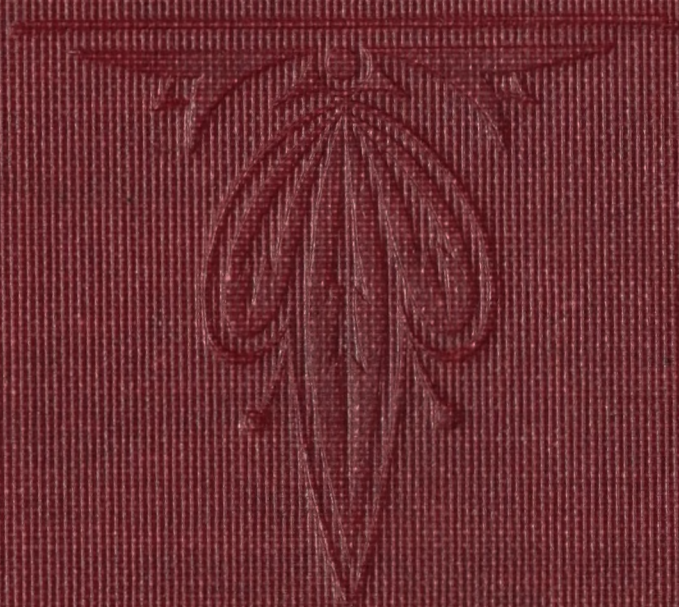


FAIRY SURPRISES
for LITTLE FOLKS

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Book Fairy Tales

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“ Mother, tell me a Fairy Story? ”

FAIRY SURPRISES *for* LITTLE FOLKS

By EMILY PALMER CAPE

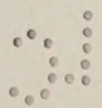


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Dedicated

TO

HENRY CAPE, JR., and MARY STORY CAPE
WHO HAVE HELPED ME TO WRITE THESE
LITTLE FAIRY STORIES
WITH THREADS OF LOVE AND CHEER.

PREFACE.

BEFORE these stories were gathered together for publication, a number of hours were spent with a group of little faces seated about me, listening with keenest interest to "one more Fairy Story!"

So many friends had suggested to me, that they had looked all over for such stories to tell their little ones, and begged me to write out a few that would bring into their homes the happy hours we had spent together while watching the children's faces when listening.

I felt that children were the best critics. So, after writing out several stories, I invited a group of little ones to hear them read, and watched if their interest was sufficient for me to really give them in book form.

Several times I asked a party of little folks to listen, and it was often amusing to see the hasty elbow nudging, and threatening looks of each one, if anything should interrupt our happy reading. It is with love for the little people and their mothers, that I send these Fairy Stories into the world.

THE AUTHOR.

THE MOONBEAM FAIRIES.



"A boat passing by looked like a large black shadow." (See page 12.)

The Moonbeam Fairies.

A LITTLE boy with a big straw hat on, and long blue overalls, was looking far out to sea and thinking if the story his uncle had told him *could* be true.

“Well,” thought Jack, “I’ll see for myself.” Seated on his uncle’s knee, the evening before, and hearing the most wonderful story about the fairies that lived in the moonlight, he longed to see them for himself, and decided to steal from the house that very night and walk up to the beach till he could be alone and watch out for the moon fairies.

After supper it soon grew dark and

little Jack stole out of the back door and ran up the beach to sit upon the sand and wait for the moon to appear. As it grew darker he began to feel a little strange, and wondered if they'd missed him from home. Then he remembered the "big folks" always sat up late, and would be all talking together on the front porch.

A great round red light soon attracted Jack's attention, and he wondered what that *could* be way off on the edge of the water! It seemed to grow bigger and he watched it with earnest attention. A boat passing by looked like a large black shadow, and soon the great red ball rose so fast that Jack recognized it as the moon and laughed himself when he thought—now, he should see the fairies.

A rift of fleecy clouds floated by, and obscured the moon's brilliant rays for a few moments. But as the beautiful light once more shone forth and danced on each wave that came creeping to the shore, Jack became aware of different colors that surrounded each dash of water that struck the sand. As he gazed far out to sea and saw the lovely long trail of light that came directly from the moon, he studied it with rapt attention, and longed to see the fairies he had heard so much about.

Soon the moonlight divided itself into long dancing bands of silver and gold; and from the moon Jack saw a fairy ladder that was built from the very edge of the waves to the moon itself. How intently he gazed! how he held his breath for fear the longed-for

reality would fade away! — Soon he noticed a whole band of wee fairies going up and down the ladder. The more earnestly he gazed the more he saw, and some were dancing in the greatest glee, others held hands and were singing songs.

Jack longed to touch one, to hold one in his hand and talk to it. He crept very steadily and slowly down to the edge of the waves, and placing his hands in the water soon had the delight of feeling a spry little elf tickling his hand so he could hardly hold the palm open any longer. “What do you want?” asked the wee fairy. “Oh! I do want to mount that beautiful ladder to the moon,” said Jack. “Well, come with me and I will tell our beautiful Queen your wish,” said she. “But how

shall I come and where shall I go? I am so big!" said Jack. He could not help but laugh to himself to think of his feeling so big. "Ah!" said the little sprite, "you can mount the ladder with me in your hand, for I can give you the power of the fairies." Saying this she began to ascend the silver and gold ladder and Jack found himself as light as the fairy. A few steps brought them to the rung where the Fairy Queen was clapping her tiny hands in admiration of a dance that some very beautiful little fairies were performing for her.

Jack and his wee guide waited until the dance was over, and then he asked the Queen if it were possible to allow him to be taken to the moon that night. "Why do you want to go?" asked the lovely Queen. "Because uncle has told

me how wonderful it is up there," said Jack.

"All right," answered the Queen, "you may go and remain a short time, but remember if you stay too long, you may not return by the moonlight ladder, and we shall keep you forever."

With these words Jack squeezed the little fairy guide and hastened up the ladder, rung by rung. How easy it seemed, he almost appeared to fly! How many, many fairies he met! Some tumbling about in great glee, others chatting and talking as they fluttered about the ladder, never falling away from the silver and gold threads from which it was made. At last Jack reached the moon. Such a scene was the greatest surprise. He could not have ever imagined anything so mar-

velous. The entire moon seemed to him like one great garden of crystals. Shimmering everywhere were long paths bordered with flowers, trees laden with fruit, birds, and butterflies,—all dazzling with the exquisite colors that Jack had only seen in his mother's diamonds. A game of ball, where a lot of little crystal marbles were being tossed in the air, made Jack laugh out loud; and a running race over a smooth pond of ice, in which Jack joined, gave him the greatest delight, for he won the race. He wished he could stay a week, so many surprises met him at every turn. But the little elf that was taking Jack about, soon looked where the moonbeam ladder was and called him, saying: "We must hurry, or the sun fairies will be spreading through

space, and we shall be lost, and then you should not be allowed to return to earth, as our Queen told you." So Jack hurried along and reaching the ladder almost flew rung by rung, till the edge of the water was reached, then looking for the fairy in his hand to thank him for the good time he had had, he found the sun peeping in at his window, and ran to his mother to ask her if she had put him to bed last night, as he was sure he did not remember it.

His mother took him in her arms, told him how when they went to call him at bed time, they could not find him and how his father walked up and down the beach asking all if they had seen his little boy. Then how, he had discovered Jack asleep on the

sand with the high tide creeping very near to him.

She pressed the little lad closer to her, as she felt how dangerous it might have been, if his father had not found him just when he did.

THE WINDOW FAIRY.



“I had just stepped out beneath my window.” (See page 23.)

The Window Fairy.

IT was summer time, and I had just stepped out beneath my window, with my book in my hand, to wait for Dottie to take a walk in the flower garden with me. Such a strange little noise I heard, that I looked up to see what it was. Right across my path, several feet away, I saw the sweetest little fairy. I had often read of fairies, and knew they liked to be talked to, so I said: "Well, little Fairy, what is your name?" "My name is 'Window Fairy'," she replied. "Why are you called that," I asked. "It is because I always draw pictures on the windows in Winter, when the frost is there," answered the

fairy. "And what do you do in Summer?" "I carry messages for the flowers." "Why! can the flowers talk?" I inquired.

"Come with me," said the fairy, "and I will let you hear for yourself." "May I wait for a dear little girl who is to be with me in a moment? We were just going to take a walk in the flower garden." "Yes, you may wait and the little girl will always love the flowers better, after she has heard what they say."

Soon Dottie came running along and I introduced my little fairy friend. We all walked down the path, to a great bed of nasturtiums. Never before had I passed there and noticed anything but one mass of glorious color. To-day Dottie looked up at me smiling, and

said "Why listen to the flowers talking!" Such good-natured fun and comical jokes, such merriment one never heard. "Let us have a game of sunshine," said one big yellow nasturtium. "All right," joined in a crowd of little happy voices. Out from the throats of each little flower a ray of golden light was thrown, and one pretty nasturtium after the other would catch a new thread of light, throw it up in the air, and again catch another. Dorothy laughed aloud and looking into the little fairy's face said: "Oh, I wish you'd stay with me always!" "Come," answered the Window Fairy, "let us go on to the clover field, for there we will have great fun." "Take our love to the daisies and clover," said a deep-red nasturtium, as he turned his face in the wind and

laughed aloud, for a whole bundle of big sunshine came rushing down upon him.

Along the path to the clover field we could hear the grasses and buttercups, and all the pretty flowers, giving our little friend, Window Fairy, messages to carry to the other flowers as she went along. At last reaching the big field, we sat down beneath a tree, and listened to what we should hear. Never before had I imagined that the flowers had such fun. One game we enjoyed very much: each pretty pink clover would bend its head towards its neighbor, and tell it a secret; then the next one would do the same and so quickly they passed the secret to the end of the field, the last clover starting another secret to come back again, and then the clovers would

see which way they had whispered the faster.

Window Fairy looked at Dottie and me and laughingly said: "Very often when you see the clovers bending their heads, and there seems but a very little wind astir, you must know that they are playing that game."

Window Fairy then hastened us off to a field where great yellow and white daisies grew. "Hark," she said, "they have begun their afternoon concert." We listened, and could see the big black-eyed Susans lifting their leaves, one by one, causing a note to vibrate, deep and long. Then a white-petal daisy would sing a dainty note, and soon all the beautiful flowers chimed in accord.

"Why can't we take a walk every day together?" asked Dorothy of the Win-

dow Fairy, and the little girl's eyes looked so bright and happy, that the fairy promised every clear sunshiny day, they could meet right beneath the window we had first made her acquaintance.

Sunset time was nearing, and as we walked quietly home there seemed to be a beautiful sound all about us. Dorothy, Window Fairy, and I, listened and did not say a word, for all the flowers and leaves and grasses were saying 'Good-night,' and sending a loving thought throughout the air. Dear little Dorothy squeezed my hand, and, pulling me close to her whispered in my ear: "I am never going to sleep again without thinking of what the flowers said as they bid good-night at sunset time."

THE CLAM SHELL'S STORY.



The Clam Shell's Story.

FIVE clam-shells were lying close together on the wet sand. "What shall we do?" said the baby one, "when the waves come dashing in, we may be washed apart, and I don't want to leave you all."

The biggest one felt a sand-crab passing beneath him, and found himself shifting his position a little, as the sand fell away. "Let me tell you what we'll do," said he, and he found he could look much better on the other clam-shells, since the world had moved for him where the sand-crab had dug so near.

"When I was a little clam-shell," he continued, "I was washed way up on the beach by a very big wave at high tide. Not another wave came to help me, and day after day I could see all the shells I so longed to be near, and talk to. I began to wonder why it was I had been made just to be tossed up on the sand that way, and end my days by crumbling into small pieces, being left soon to turn into the soft white bed I lay on. While these thoughts were bothering

me, a little boy with bare feet came running by. 'Oh! look,' said he to a lady with him, 'I have found such a lovely shell! See how smooth it is, and how well I may dig with it!' He picked me up, and, though I feared he might break me or carry me away from all my friends, I was thankful to have any experience rather than die there so useless and so unhappy. The little lad walked along the beach, his fingers rubbing gently, and I could hear him say every little while, 'Just like velvet, mother; is it not a beauty?' So I felt a certain sense of relief, and even of joy to know I had gotten into the hands of a kindly person and not one that would hurt me intentionally. He had not walked along the beach very far, before he slipped me into his pocket, and I heard

him exclaim with delight, 'See the big jelly-fish, is he not a large one, and so pretty to look at!' At first I felt a little hurt to think he should have forgotten me so soon, and already commence to admire another sea-treasure; but, when I thought how he cherished me so carefully in his pocket and intended probably to still like me too, I laughed to myself, and understood how he of course should enjoy and praise all the many beautiful things there were to discover, and that he should find on the beach. Not many minutes passed, and I felt a soft, smooth, cool object descend into my apartment. It was so dark I could not see what it was, so I listened, and soon heard the quiet voice of the jelly-fish (you know all the sea-treasures talk so low and sweetly, that

human ears cannot even hear a note of what we say); well, this is what he said: 'Mr. Clam-shell, what are you going to do about it? I don't like living here, and we are so slow, we can't walk; how are we ever going to get out of this dark and uncomfortable home?' I began to feel somewhat saddened, for I never dreamed that I might be forgotten, and let remain the rest of my days there. 'I am so sorry now that he found me,' I said, 'because before, I lived in the happy fields of hoping, and now I feel despair, that I shall never return to my friends.' 'Ah!' said the jelly-fish, 'let me inform you of a wonderful place, if you ever happen to get out of this dark dungeon again. Way down beneath the sea, leagues below the rolling waves, and where man has never

reached, is a very large emerald-green basin; it is large enough for a million water fairies to live in, and each one has his special duties and cares of the treasures of the sea. There is one who takes care of all the clam-shells, and if you know the password to the basin, you can find yourself there at once. Then one wish is granted you, and it always comes true. I wished that I should be very long lived, and so *I* do not worry about the lad's keeping *me* very long in his pocket. But *you* may be preserved to be used often on the beach to dig with, or you may be carried to his home as a treasure, and placed on a shelf with a lot of other old things, as trophies.' I remember how I shuddered and how I hated the cold-blooded jelly-fish's talking to me so. If it had not been for

longing to know the password, I should have pinched him with a clam's pride. Very soon the jelly-fish whispered the password. 'Just *think* it,' said he; 'don't say it out loud. When you are in the basin, then you utter it aloud, but not before.' I was just going to make use of my new friend's information, when I had the most awful tumble and bump, I had ever known. The boy had tripped on something, and, stumbling, hurt his knee a little. His mother came rushing up to him, and, lifting him up, said: 'Why, my dear boy, what have you in your pocket?' She then without a moment's hesitation put her hand in and threw both Mr. Jelly-fish and myself on the sand. I have often wondered what became of the little boy and his mother. I imagined

that the mother's love, soon healed the little hurt on the knee, and they walked home together. I had not more than landed safely, before I peeked around, and saw Mr. Jelly-fish so many yards away from me that I could not make him hear, and I wanted to thank him, for his having so thoughtfully given me the 'password.' A little breeze was passing, and I said to him, 'Mr. Breeze will you carry a message for me to Mr. Jelly-fish over there?' Of course he said he would, because all nature, but man, follow the easiest way. Then I thought silently, but strongly of the 'password,' and lo! I found myself at the very bottom of the ocean. The color of the water was something exquisite. The fairy of the clam-shell world soon appeared before me. 'What is your

wish?' she said. 'Let me back to my friends, I pray you, for I have been a long while away from them, and my greatest joy is to be near those I love.' No sooner had I made the wish than I found myself on the same beach upon which the little boy had found me, but lying on the wet sand close beside those I had longed to see again."

The big clam-shell heaved a deep sigh, and looking out to sea, remarked that the tide was rapidly approaching their quiet resting place. "We have formed such a happy quintette," said he, "baby clam-shell was right; we do not want to be apart; so I shall whisper you each the password; it is short, and easily remembered; and then, if we are washed out to sea and all separated, we may be able to meet again." * * * *

Walking along on a sandy path, miles away from the sea, a young lady and gentleman were digging here and there, in the bare places between the poor growing grass. "This must be about the place, the books say, for we have followed the directions exactly," said the girl. "Yes," the fellow replied, "it says just about here the sea used to wash the entire land for miles and miles, and many sea shells are to be found to prove it."

The girl soon gave one cry of delight, and ran to a spot not far away. She had discovered some shells. Five clamshells, of different sizes, and all quietly lying close together, as though they had placed themselves there.

"How amusing," said the big clamshell, "she thinks we are antique. I

just wish she had ears fine enough to hear me speak, she would then know how good the Fairy had been to us, after that enormous wave lashed us each far out to sea, and carried us miles apart. The Fairy in the big emerald basin, told us she would place us where no wave would wash us again, and yet we might lie in the sand together.

The girl and fellow walked away delighted at their discovery, and the five little clam-shells lived happily ever after.

TIP'S DELIGHT.



“ Soon to his surprise he saw Mr. Big Bug flying over him——”
(See page 54.)

Tip's Delight.

TIP was a dog who had a way of making every one love him. His mistress liked to show him off to all her friends. She was anxious to have Tip learn to dance. One day she said: "Tip, I must give you a dancing lesson, and you shall know more than any other dog about here." Dear little Tip had been having a strange experience for several days past. He had taken a walk one day by himself into the woods, and while there had noticed a big bug looking like a butterfly come floating just over his head. Tip tried to jump up and catch it, when, to his surprise, the big bug laughed, and said: "Why,

Tip, I am a fairy butterfly, and you are such a bright and good doggy, that, if you will follow what I say, you shall be the most wonderful dog in the world. Tip's eyes beamed with delight, and he thought of how proud his mistress would be, if he could do all the big bug told him about.

“You shall be able to sing, you shall turn somersaults, and you will be able to dance finer than any dog ever danced;” and Tip, who had heard his mistress tell him that *she* wanted him to learn how to dance, was overjoyed at the idea.

“Now listen,” said Mr. Bug, “if I or any of my friends ever come flying over you, remember, you must keep looking right at us, or you will lose all we will teach you; and you must never for any

reason tell anyone even your mistress, that you have seen us.”

Poor Tip, this was sad indeed. He loved his mistress, and yet he longed to be taught so many wonderful things, and be the finest trained dog in the world. He put his head on one side, then slowly leaned it over to the other side, and tried to make up his mind whether he could really keep a secret from one he loved so dearly, if he were to gain so much by it; and then, too, he thought to himself, that to learn to dance would, after all, be giving a great deal of pleasure to his mistress. Thus he pondered, while the big bug kept saying: “You’ll be sorry if you don’t; we’ll teach you to dance so well.” Poor Tip! He so wanted to learn, yet he could not bring himself to keep a secret

from his beloved mistress. Finally he put his tail between his legs, and hung his head way down to the ground, and very slowly refused the kind offer of Mr. Bug.

As Tip walked slowly home, he thought to himself, that when his mistress did give him dancing lessons he would pay great attention and learn quickly, and then if he ever met Mr. Bug again, he could tell him that he learned any way.

“Ah!” thought Tip, when he reached home, and was sauntering along the broad piazza, where a tall screen stood at one corner, “how I wish I might have a lesson right here, behind this big screen, so that Mr. Bug might not spy me if he flew by.”

He was tired after his long walk, and

Tip lay down in the shadow of the screen. He slept soundly, and dreamed a whole army of Mr. Big-bugs, were carrying him away. Tip awoke with a start, and looking up he saw his mistress standing over him. "Well, Tip," she said, "are you rested? I want to start your dancing lessons."

Tip was delighted, and at once sprang up and ran about with such glee, that his mistress laughed out loud, and said: "Come, now, sit down, just a moment; give me your paw, and then we'll take our first lesson."

Tip obeyed beautifully, and when the first command came: "Stand up on your hind legs, Tip," it was most difficult, as he had never tried before. Again and again the patient mistress tried to teach the very first step of her dancing

lesson to her pet dog, but poor Tip, fell over, or was not graceful enough. At last his mistress heaved a deep sigh and said: "Tip, Tip, what shall I do to teach you? And I so wanted you to learn to dance!"

At this moment, as Tip was gazing very sadly over the railing of the porch, he saw to his astonishment, Mr. Bigbug and two of his friends. "Dear me!" thought Tip, "my dream is to come true, they have come to carry me away." When to his surprise he heard Mr. Bigbug say in a very far-away voice, "Tip, meet me to-morrow at the same place in the woods, and I'll give you another chance to accept my offer. Don't mention, though, that you've seen us, for if you do, I'll never teach you, and they would not believe you, Tip, because un-

less we wish it, no one can ever see us.”

Tip stared and stared at Mr. Big-bug and his companions, and was too surprised to move. “Hurry up,” said Mr. Big-bug, “we can’t wait long, give me your answer.” At this moment Tip’s mistress said in rather a loud voice, “Why, Tip, what’s the matter with you? You have not moved, and have kept staring so long, come right here, and we will go on with our lesson.” Poor Tip felt the utter uselessness in his trying ever to learn to dance from his mistress, and knowing how she longed to have him be a fine dancer, he quickly said “Yes, Mr. Big-Bug, I’ll meet you to-morrow in the woods.”

As Tip turned and looked up, great tears were in his eyes, and he could not speak. “Why, Tip, what is the matter?”

Have you hurt yourself, why do your eyes look so sad?" But Tip could only hang his head and feel worse than ever.

That evening as Tip's mistress sat on a sofa in the big sitting-room, she called her dog friend, and made him lie down beside her. Somehow she felt Tip's feelings were hurt, and she wondered how she ever *could* teach him to dance.

The next morning Tip ran off to the woods, and after that each morning saw him following the same path, about the same time. One day his mistress remarked how regularly Tip wandered off to the woods, and thought she would follow him to know where he went. Quietly and slowly she stepped along the path, and gathered a wild rose here, and a buttercup there, and stood to listen to the birds chirp their lovely

musical notes, and wondered where her pet Tip, indeed, could have wandered to.

The little walk led to a wide opening, under a large oak tree. Here, as she drew nearer, she saw Tip. What was her astonishment to see him going through all kinds of fancy steps, and turning somersaults, and doing all as lively and as easily, as though she had taught him since he was a little pup.

She turned slowly back, and decided not to let Tip know she had seen him, but ask him some time if he did not want another dancing lesson. That evening Tip stood in front of a big mirror, and, cocking his head on one side then on the other, said to himself: "Well, Tip, you're a pretty clever dog after all; how well you can perform now!" His mistress, entering the room,

laughed aloud to see the airs of her pet dog, as he stood before the looking-glass. "Now Tip," said she, "will you take another dancing lesson?"

Poor Tip had promised Mr. Big-bug not to dance for *anyone*, till he gave him permission. His mistress had suddenly found him looking so pleased at himself in the glass, he knew he could not pretend being ill, and his heart sank, as he turned to look at her. Tip felt so bad in having made the promise, yet was so happy in learning something that would give her such joy in the end, that his mind was in one dreadful state of argument with himself. Great tears again came to his eyes, and he looked up so pleadingly, that his mistress said: "I understand, Tip; it's all right; don't worry; it will come out all right; I can

wait to have you explain. Come to me!"

Poor Tip, felt worse than ever to have so kind a remark made him, after all his seeming stupidity and foolishness. The next morning Tip made up his mind to tell Mr. Big-bug that he had lessons enough, and that he wanted to go home and show his mistress all he could do.

"But how will you explain to her where you learned?" asked Mr. Big-bug. "That's true," replied Tip, and a worried expression came over his face; he wrinkled his nose, stiffened his ears and his eyes seemed to implore Mr. Big-bug to help him.

"Well," said the dancing-master, "I will make it all right for you, because you have been a faithful dog, learned your lessons well and kept our secret faithfully. When you go home, jump

up about your mistress as though you had something to tell her, and then when she pets you, begin to dance for her. Tip, dance your very best, for you will be doing something for me too, though I can't tell you what."

Tip walked very slowly through the woodland path toward home, wondering what Mr. Big-bug meant by saying, he, Tip, was to do something for Mr. Big-bug too. As Tip neared the house he saw his mistress sitting on the porch with a book in her hand. So glad was he to be able now to dance for her, that all his wonderment was lost, and the little dog ran with delight, jumped about her skirts in such a frantic manner, she remarked: "Why, Tippy dear, what's the matter? Have you some good news?" At once Tip began to dance

back and forth about the piazza, with such graceful and quick steps, that his mistress was indeed astonished. "Why, Tip, Tippy, my good dog, where have you learned? Who taught you? How *did* you ever know so much?"

Tip kept on dancing and turning somersaults, glad to show off and not taking time even to rest. Soon to his surprise he saw Mr. Big-bug flying just over him in the air. He stopped at once, and looked at him with the desire of knowing how he could explain to his mistress their long-kept secret.

Mr. Big-bug hovered down, and, perching himself on the edge of the railing, began to speak. Tip's mistress looked about and wondered where the voice came from.

"Do not be frightened, dear lady,"

said Mr. Big-bug, "if you will but just promise to do a little favor for me, I will show myself to you, and tell you how your bright little friend learned to dance so well."

Tip's mistress could hardly speak she was so surprised, and all the more so when she saw Tip scampering about her, so very overjoyed.

"I want to see you, and I want to help you," said Tip's mistress; "if it is not too difficult a task, I shall be glad to do anything for you." With this Mr. Big-bug flew down on the porch right in front of the lady. "I seem but a big butterfly-bug," said he; "but in reality I am a Fairy Prince who lives in the woods, and takes care of all the birds, and squirrels, and insects, and snakes, and every living thing in the forest. A bad old

witch, who became jealous of my powers, one day while I was asleep, turned me into this Big-bug that I am, and everything in the forest hated me, and I had to go away to another wood. There I met your little Tippy, and I had always known if I could get a human being to tear my wings from my body, I should be freed, and again be the Fairy Prince. I should at once go to my beloved forest, and take care of all the creatures, great and small, that for so long I have been helping and teaching. Will you, kind lady, in return for my teaching your pet dog-friend how to dance so well, help me?"

Tip's mistress felt a certain horror of touching this queer looking bug, and hated too the thought of hurting him. "I fear I shall make you suffer, Mr.

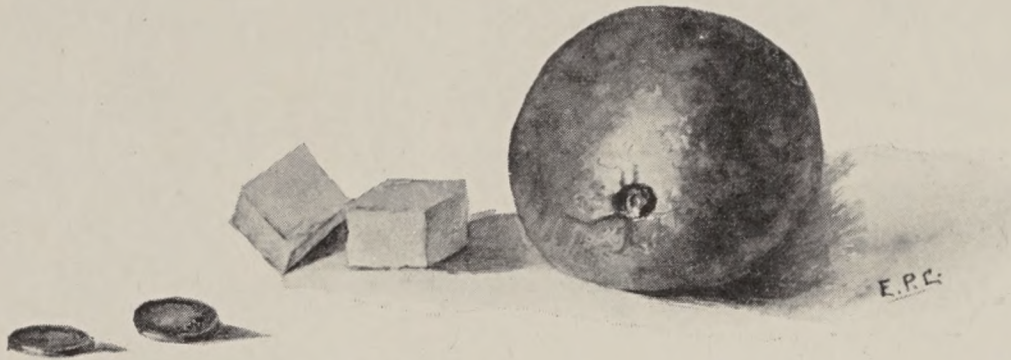
Big-bug," she said. "Never mind," he replied, "I know I shall be hurt, but I also know the great joy that awaits me. Ah! lady dear, will you not help me, even if you do hurt me?" He pleaded so hard and so sincerely, that she took courage and leaning forward took Mr. Big-bug up by the wings, and, closing her eyes, did as he had asked her to.

At once she saw the most exquisite fairy all in delicate colors, surrounded by a light that seemed to surpass the sunlight. "Thank you a million times," said the fairy, "I suffered, it is true, but for a moment, compared to the time I have now ahead of me. Tip, good-bye; be a good dog, and dance every day for your mistress. Good-bye, fair lady, you have gained by helping me—Good-bye, good-bye," and with that he floated off

in the air, and was soon out of sight. Tip's mistress stood in silence, for somehow the exquisite Light of the Fairy Prince had left an unspeakable joy in her heart, and true it was she had gained by helping Mr. Big-Bug.

Tip danced every day, and soon became so well known throughout the country for his wonderful tricks that he often used to say to himself: "It's worth knowing how to keep a secret, after all."

THE GOLDEN BALL.



The Golden Ball.

WE were at a big New York City hotel, Mary, Kathleen, and I. We had just ordered luncheon, and the waiter seemed so long in bringing our order, that Mary said: "Mother, tell us a *real* fairy story." I laughed as I saw the dear little face, so anxious and happy, asking for such a favor just then. So, when I said, "All right, but it must be a short one," Mary replied,

“Well, but make it *true*, mother dear!”

Kathleen was a little girl visitor that day, and she had never been used to having fairies visit her as often as Mary and her mother had; so, when I began, her little face looked so wondering and then so happy, she clapped her hands and said, “Oh! Mary, if your mother *only could* make it *really true*!” And I really think some honest fairies must have inspired me that day, for I did make it come true, and I will tell you how.

As we all three sat at the table, a window with a dainty curtain stood open, and a few green plants looked in, as if smiling at the people who live so much indoors.

“Well,” I began, “once upon a time a great grandmother and her two little

grand daughters were seated at a table, just as we are sitting, and a little golden-winged fairy came flying in the window and perched itself right in the center of the table. 'What is your wish, little girls?' he asked. 'Oh! we want a golden ball, to play with,' said one, 'and a surprise in the middle of it,' said the other. The little fairy flew away, and the great grandmother looked at the two little girls and said, 'I wonder if he will be back again!' She had not more than said it when back flew the little fairy, and, placing a beautiful little golden ball upon the table, flew away. The children were delighted, and longed to see what was the surprise in the heart of it. 'I do hope it's sugar,' said one. 'I want a penny,' said the other. So dear grandmother told them they could open it

carefully and see for themselves. Surely enough, there in the center were two great lumps of sugar, and two bright pennies. The children were delighted, and 'just wished the fairy would come every day'."

Mary and Kathleen listened to the end of the story and *begged* me to make it "*be true.*" "Well," I said, "let us finish our luncheon, and then we will go upstairs and play we are to hunt for the golden ball, and perhaps the fairy *will* have found you both such good little girls, that if you look hard enough you *may* find a golden ball, with a surprise in it too. When we all three went upstairs, I made the children wait in the hall just a few moments and then said, "Ready!"

They both dashed into the room.

Eyes as bright as diamonds, little voices screaming with delight, for they had perfect faith in my not fooling them, and they had not heard me say the fairy would not be there. "Let us hunt every corner!" said Mary. "Is'n't it fun!" said Kathleen, laughing and running here and there all about the rooms. Soon I heard a yell of surprise and delight. "Here's the golden ball! and see the fairy has cut it in two, and we'll peep in and see if the surprise *is really here!*" What screams of joy I heard as two great lumps of sugar, and two bright pennies lay beneath the big half of a bright yellow orange.

THE WATER LILIES.



“ Dorothy sat with her hat on.” (See page 69.)

The Water Lilies.

DOROTHY sat with her hat on, ready for mother to take her out. As she waited she thought to herself, "That was a beautiful story grand-ma told me about the water-lilies. I think I'll have to repeat it to all my little friends, it was so lovely." As she sat quietly, this is the story that Dorothy was thinking of:

On a stream where the sun shone bright and warm, two pink water-lilies grew. One was hidden among the leaves, with a number of pretty white lilies too, but it often peeped at another big pink lily far away up the stream and wondered why they had grown such a

distance apart. The second pink water lily grew stately and tall, waving its beautiful leaves on the lap of the water when the winds blew, bending its long graceful neck. "Ah!" said this lily, "why have I a stem that grows so far down in the mud, way beneath the sunshine and light that I cannot float on the stream to my friend, that I see hidden among those leaves beyond?" The lilies would laugh gently at each other as the water bent their faces, and as the days passed they longed more and more to know each other better.

One day, a little boy and a little girl were rowing along this stream, gaily chatting, and thinking it great fun to take the boat under the arching boughs along the bank. Beautiful bits of moss, branches of berries, long sprays of

leaves, and various trophies they gathered. Soon the little girl called out "Oh! Look at that lovely pink lily, hidden beneath all those leaves! Isn't it a beauty! Let us get it!" The boy's eyes beamed with delight, for a pink water-lily in the stream was rare indeed. He rowed swiftly, and found it difficult to stop the boat just in the right place. First they glided past it, then they went over it, then could not quite reach it; but, at last, slowly, carefully, the boat came alongside, and the little girl put her hand way down in the water and broke the stem off nice and long. "Hurrah! That's a beauty!" and she laid it in the shade in the bottom of the boat.

The pink water-lily said to itself, "Well, I can't live long now, but I may

get over to my friend somehow; I do wish they'd row over there." "There is another bunch of lilies growing way up there," said the little girl pointing beyond "let's go and see if there are any more pink ones about." The dear little flower in the bottom of the boat grew a deeper pink when it heard this, and longed still more for its companion.

Steadily the oars dipped into the water. Quietly the little boat moved along. All nature seemed to have an air of joy and rest. The long deep reflections by the banks, the brilliant glints of sunshine through the leaves, and here and there a bird's note surprised them; the children were delighted, and once in a while rested the oars just to listen to the silence about them. Soon they neared the water-lilies, and again came

the joy of discovering a pink one. "This one is larger than the other," said the boy. "Yes, look at the deep pink of the petals," answered the girl. The lily longed for them to pick it, for it had noticed that the other one had been gathered by them, and wished to get into the boat too, then it would be nearer its friend. After reaching and rowing back and forth the boy managed to pluck the beautiful flower, and he laid it under the seat in the shadow. "How glad I am they took us both," said one lily, "ah! if I could but whisper to you how I have loved you, I should be willing to die," replied the other. "We are so far away here in the bottom of the boat," said the first lily, "I fear the children may hear us talk; we must be careful and wait."

By this time the young oarsman had brought his boat once more to the edge of the stream, and every now and then the children would have to bend their heads to row beneath the low branches. "Look," said the boy, "a large oriole's nest is hanging from that old tree on the bank. Let us go out and see if there are any birds in it!" The little girl was delighted to go, and as the boat was guided to a place near shore she stooped and picking up the pink lily at her feet stuck it in her dress, saying: "I am going to take my flower with me, for I hate to leave it behind." The boy laughed and said: "Well, see, I shall have mine as a button-hole bouquet; doesn't that look fine?" The little girl laughed, and stepping out of the boat ran up to where the nest hung. They

both took turns in peeping into the nest, so low did it hang from the branch. They discovered the dearest little baby birds, and hurried off to a great stone that was near, that they might watch till the parent birds came back. They had not long to wait. A fluttering of wings and a sweet little note, told them what was there. The children were so happy, and feared lest they should frighten the birds away; they sat very close and as still as could be. The two beautiful pink water-lilies were at last content. As the boy and girl leaned together whispering their glad surprise, the flowers' petals were close and they told of their happiness which they had hoped to do so long. "When a dark thunder shower came," said the larger water-lily, "I used to wonder if I'd spy

you again when it cleared away, because I feared the rush of the stream might bend your graceful stem too far, and you would break beneath the torrent." "Ah!" replied the other, "I too have often wondered if the beautiful months of summer would pass by without my reaching you somehow, I so longed to tell you what I have been thinking and dreaming as I lay on the water."

The boy and girl by and by rowed home again and they placed their beautiful pink water-lilies in a vase together.

Dorothy had finished this story grandma had told her, and still sat thinking how happy she was the two lilies met, when her mother called: "Dorothy dear, I'm ready; where are you child?"

THE BUTTERFLIES' SURPRISE.



“ They climbed over a big stone wall.”

The Butterflies' Surprise.

LITTLE Mary and her mother went out for a long walk through the woods. She was only five years old, but such a sturdy strong girl, that her mother could take her a long distance. They climbed over a big stone wall, and left the fields. Reaching a beautiful entrance to the woods they so loved to go through, a little walk brought them to a rock, where they often had sat down to rest before. As soon as they were seated, a strange noise was heard, and Mary's mother listened and said: "Hark, little one, I hear some sweet music!" She looked all about her, but saw no one. At last, perched on a

branch of a tree, they saw a wee fairy singing:

“Oh, come with me, come with me
Right merrily, right merrily,
And listen to the music of the fairies.”

Mary's mother said, “Well, little Fairy, will you let us go to hear that pretty music?”

The little girl's eyes danced with glee as she saw the fairy walking toward them. When reaching the big rock the little fairy said: “If you will follow the way I go I will show you the most beautiful flower garden you've ever seen, and let you hear the most exquisite music.”

Mary clapped her hands and ran alongside of her mother, as they followed in the path the fairy showed them. Soon they came to an open

field and never had there been a more wonderful array of flowers. They seemed to be growing in long lines of color, the entire field being like a living rainbow.

The gentle zephyrs came slowly across the field waving the broad bands of violet, indigo blue, green, yellow, orange, and red. And, as the breeze bent the heads of the little flowers, the light colors gave forth such tender sweet notes growing, toward the darker shades, into mellow, deep, resonant tones that the whole field was like the most glorious harmony. How little Mary laughed aloud when she saw the tiny blue-bells bend their heads and ring out such pretty music. The morning-glories seemed almost to sing their part as the notes rippled from their

long graceful throats so joyously,
How the "Jacque roses" waved out
their organ-like sounds—deep, rich,
and as luscious as their color.

The deep-eyed violets struck a note
of tenderness which vibrated as a
strain of love through the air. An
ocean of color and sound. Little Mary
and her mother were fascinated.

They had not realized how long they
had been listening to the music, when
the Fairy came to them and said: "It
is near the hour of sunset, and no
human being has ever heard the fairy-
music at that hour; you must bid us
good-bye."

After bidding adieu, Mary and her
mother walked again toward the en-
trance of the wood, and was about to
hurry toward home, when they noticed

a long golden thread of light floating in the air before them.

Walking nearer, what was their surprise to find the golden thread a long line of yellow butterflies. The leader was a splendid big fellow, and when passing little Mary flew upon her shoulder, and whispered in her ear. Mary looked up to her mother and said: "Oh, Mother, may I?" "What, little one?" "Why, the big butterfly wants us to go to Sunset land. Oh, Mother, may we?"

Now Mary and her mother had often sat on their piazza at home, and looked at the sky during the sunset hour. What glorious clouds they had seen! How often they had noticed strange shapes and figures when the clouds formed themselves into castles, big

lions, and bears; or a ship sailing along on a golden sea!

So, to-day, when the Big Butterfly invited them both to visit this beautiful land, Mary's mother could not say no, but longed to get there as quickly as they could.

The Big Butterfly heard with delight that they would go with him, "for" said he, "I so often want to show the land of dreams, the sunset land."

Soon the long line of butterflies had massed themselves into a broad circle, and let their wings so unite that Mary's mother and herself were now being carried through the air very quickly.

On and on they went, with the Big Butterfly leading the way. Soon Mary said, "What is the pink water over there?" and as her mother looked in

the direction, she could see they were on the edge of a beautiful cloud that was filled with water, and colored pink by the sun's rays—on and on they went till the butterflies left them seated on a high turret, and the Big Butterfly hovered near, saying, "I shall be back to return you home safely; never fear; nothing will harm you." With that, he flew away, and the little girl and her mother gazed far and near. First they realized they were in one of the beautiful castles they had seen from their own front porch.

Looking around they saw curiously shaped flowers growing about them. Suddenly a great lion came walking by, and invited them for a ride. And such a ride they had! They felt they were flying, so fast they went. Soon a big

Indian with his canoe offered them a sail and as they entered the boat, they felt themselves again floating along in the air like a bird.

By and by another castle was reached; this time it was built of very dark material, and they could see great flames of fire sweeping around them outside. They were gazing in astonishment at the many beautiful shapes and figures that were continually passing, when the Big Butterfly came and said: "My comrades are here, you must bid the sunset land good-night."

With this the butterfly circle again reached them, and a great light seemed to encircle them. It began to become dim, and darkness stole upon them.

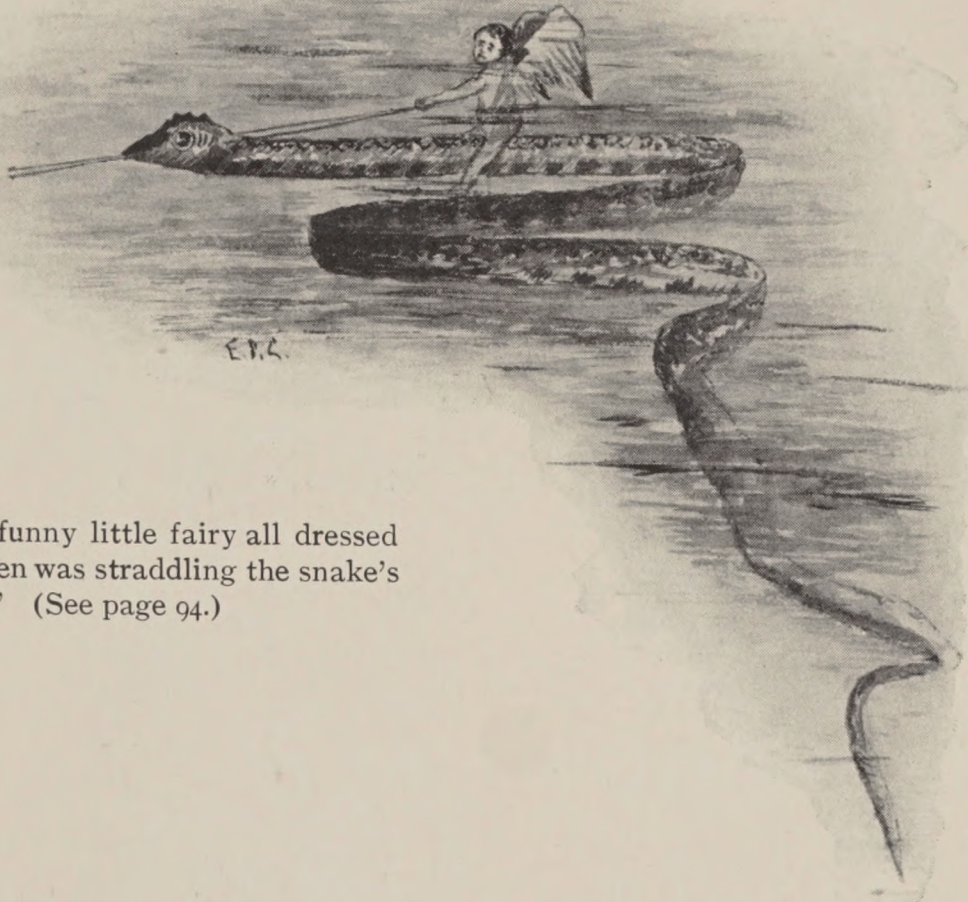
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"Sweetheart, wake up, darling!"

These words Mary's mother said out loud as she touched her little girl on the shoulder.

As Mary's eyes opened she said: "Where are we, mother?" Why, darling, we both have been asleep, right under the big trees, and what a lovely time we've had. I have been off with my darling to the land of sunsets," and then little Mary jumped up and throwing her arms about her mother's neck, whispered, "Mother, we were together for you were with me in a big, big castle." As the little girl walked home by her mother's side they both filled in the story of their visit to the sunset land, and I think they were together all the way, even as they walked out to those woods and sat down on the big stone where they first met the Fairy.

YANA YOHI
AND
THE FAIRY MOUNTAIN.



“A funny little fairy all dressed
in green was straddling the snake’s
back.” (See page 94.)

Yana Yohi and the Fairy Mountain.

YANA YOHI, was a Japanese boy who lived where the great Fujiyama mountain raised its big white head way up toward the sky. The bridges, and houses, and flowers, and the people and their dress, were all very different from what we see about us here in America. Yet Yana Yohi would think the houses and people and flowers and all of our ways very strange to him.

One night Yana's mother heard some one say that the great Fujiyama was very angry, and that the town they lived in was to be buried beneath lava and ashes that very night. Now Yana's father owned a big row boat,

and used to carry people across the lake as a ferryman. As soon as Yana's father heard this sad news he ran out to his boat and began helping all those he possibly could to leave the town and get to the other side of the lake. Yana's mother and himself were quickly landed, and they watched the crowds all hastening to safety as fast as they could. Very soon a rumbling and grumbling filled the air, and Yana and his mother saw great flames come bursting from the top of Fujiyama. A wind blew the smoke and long tongues of fire could be seen mounting upwards, as if to reach the sky.

Little Yana cuddled close to his mother, and felt that, when her arms were tightly about him, nothing could hurt him. Soon one set of buildings

after another were set on fire, the flames crept over the bridges, and now and again a terrible noise would tremble through the air, as a building fell, or an explosion took place. The bright pink light overspread everything, and made a most wonderful sight. Yana's father found him and his mother, and as they, with many of their friends, all sat huddling close together, watched the angry mountain. Yana heard a hissing.

He looked up to his mother's face, as if to ask the meaning of the noise so near to them. "What is it little one?" she inquired. "The noise, like a great hiss, don't you hear it?" replied Yana. "No! no! little one, you are alarmed and only think you hear such sounds."

But Yana crept from his mother's

knee, and looked about him. He walked nearer the edge of the lake, and soon spied a large snake, making the hissing noise he had heard. A funny little fairy all dressed in light green was straddling the snake's back, and, seeing Yana, said: "There is a wonderful fire world in the mouth of Fujiyama, I can take you to it; would you like to go?" "But I might be burned, and my parents would worry where I had gone," said wise little Yana. "Ah! no," answered the fairy, "they will not know you've gone, and I will bring you back all safely. Jump on the snake's back and give me your hand."

Little Yana longed to really see the inside of this fiery old mountain and wondered at the surprises he would have to tell his mother and father when

he got back again. Quick as a wink he found himself going through the water on the back of the snake. How strange it was, yet how lovely to feel the soft cool water glide past him! What beautiful fish he saw, and how odd their eyes looked peering at him! What bright seaweeds and grasses he passed all waving in the water! Another most beautiful world was awakened to him indeed! Soon, as they came nearer the opposite shore a brilliant light shone about them, and Yana realized the big mountain must be near, to throw so powerful a light into the water.

The snake, in a few seconds, landed on the shore, and the bright little green fairy, bidding good-bye to the old snake, took Yana by the hand, and they seemed to actually fly through the air. Under

them were the houses, now in ruins, he had so often played near, bridges he had walked over, now burned away, everything being destroyed.

Higher and higher Yana and the fairy flew, soon it was so light the little boy had to put his hand before his eyes to see what he was coming to. The big flames no longer seemed like tongues of fire. They were gorgeous curtains which were dancing up and down, back and forth, and were filled with little green fairies, looking like the little friend he was traveling with. They all beckoned to him to hurry, and rushed Yana through the awful heat and fury to the very inside of terrible Fujiyama. What was Yana Yohi's surprise to find here a circle of great gaping mouths, all spitting fire, lava, and fearful fumes!

The monsters seemed to vie with each other in pouring out the largest volume of fire. Suddenly a silence reigned, and Yana begged the green fairies to tell him how these monsters came there. "Ah," said the little elf who had brought Yana, "men do not know what laws really are, you must see how much there is to discover now, and think it over by and by." With this Yana heard a low long growl, and the great monsters opened their mouths again and commenced belching forth fire. The green fairies had escaped with the flames, and Yana now found his little guide taking him through a dark hole that was at one side. He could see nothing, but had a strange sense of being filled with air and as if he were floating like a balloon. He was

suddenly looking at green revolving globes, great whirling masses of brilliant light. He felt himself in the dark, yet knew he could see these strange shapes about him. As he watched he remarked how several of the globes would float toward each other and make a deafening noise as they approached. "Ah! fairy friend," cried brave little Yana Yohi, "take me from all this, I fear we shall die." At this the fairy put her hand over his eyes, and lo! Yana found himself again on the snake's back rushing through the water. How he longed to catch some of the beautiful golden fish he saw, and the queer little turtles with shiny backs, swimming so quickly past him! But he found himself too soon landed at the shore, and as he saw the old snake crawl lazily through

the grass, he thought to himself, "Well, I wonder if mother will guess where I've been all this time," and he threw a kiss to the green fairy, laughed over at the snake, and ran to where his mother sat, just where he had left her. "My darling boy," she said, "I see your father coming on the last trip over, and we will go and meet him, how brave he has been."

Yana Yohi could not but feel astonished when his mother did not even ask about his absence. Could she have been asleep? Could the fairy have made her think that he had not left her side? It certainly was strange. Just then Yana's father reached the shore, and, helping all his passengers out, he kissed his good wife and dear little boy, and said: "Ah, loved ones, I am glad I have

you both safe, old Fujiyama is awful indeed, to-night, and the people say that the monsters that live in the volcano's mouth must be very angry at something, for even the fairies are about trying to protect the good souls they love so dearly." Little Yohi listened and thought what he had seen was true, and when he and his mother were alone again, he'd tell her all he had seen.

HELEN'S SURPRISE.



“ She saw a—long ray of light.” (See page 107.)

Helen's Surprise.

A LITTLE girl of five summers, with such fat and rosy cheeks that she made people good natured when looking at her, sat in a big open field. Helen was the name of this little girl, but she was called by so many nick-names that she once said to herself, "I wonder when I grow big, if I'll be as many people as I am now, for then I'll have to be so big."

As Helen sat among the grasses and clover, that reached nearly to the top of her head, the wind gently waving them to and fro, she noticed a very tall grass that seemed to nod "How do you do," to a beautiful pink clover. Little

Helen sat very still and, listening, heard the tall grass whisper to the clover, "Won't we all have a good time? I hope it don't rain."

Little Helen wondered what was going to happen, and sat so quietly that even the tall grass and pretty pink clover forgot she was there. Then such a laugh she heard burst all about her, as the wind bent their graceful heads. Soon a general chattering was heard and little Helen found out that the grasses and clover expected a fairy party the very next morning at sunrise. "Oh, what fun!" thought the little girl, "I so want to meet the fairies, I shall come over here."

That night Helen's mother wondered why her little daughter was ready to go to bed so promptly, and why she

asked, "What is sunrise time?" All night the little girl slept quietly, but dreamed that she woke too late to find the fairies. Suddenly she gave a jump in her little bed, and sat up rubbing her eyes. She slid quietly out on the floor, peeped beneath the window shade, and saw it was light. Running to her mother's room, which connected with her own, she saw she was fast asleep. Quickly she put on her shoes and stockings, and, though she got the laces of her shoes all in knots in her haste, it did not worry her, for she feared she would be too late to see the fairy-party. At last she got on her clothes the best she could; her dress she put on back to front, "cause I can't button it right," she said to herself.

When she was all ready she went on

tip-toe to her mother's room, and took a shawl which lay on a chair, and, hurrying out to the hall-way, put it all around her, "to hide me from the fairies," she whispered to herself. When Helen reached the front door she suddenly remembered she was too little to turn the heavy key that locked the old fashioned house at night. She was just about to sit down on the stairs and cry, when she heard a sound, and, looking into the library, saw their big black cat "Tom" jump out on the piazza. Somebody had been careless and left a window open. Her round little face beamed out of the shawl, as she again thought of the fairies. Soon the piazza was reached, and, silently and hastily across the road to her pet field, she went where the tallest grasses grew, and

covering herself all up with the big shawl, leaving only room enough for two eyes to peep out, she sat filled with excitement, hoping it was not too late to see the fairies.

Soon she felt a little breeze pass her, and the nodding grasses waving their heads say: "They are late." Listening intently she overheard a buttercup whisper: "I wonder if that's they?" And turning her eyes in the direction they spoke, she saw far away across the field a long ray of light. Watching it with eager attention she saw it come nearer and nearer. Soon she discovered the ray of light was made up of shining fairies' wings. Hardly could she sit still, so excited was she. Her breath came faster and she held the shawl tightly, for fear they might see

her, and might fly away out of sight.

The clovers and grasses were waving and laughing with glee. The little fairies were all now settling themselves in a circle, and the pretty lights which came from their wings seemed like bright ribbons floating in the field.

The Queen of the fairies, who was seated on the very tallest grass about them, stood up and, calling another fairy to her, sent her on an errand. Helen wondered where she could be going to; and what was her surprise when she saw the fairy messenger flying straight toward herself.

Lighting on the shawl the little fairy said in the sweetest fairy voice, "Little girl, our Queen has sent for you; you need not hide any more; she has noticed you were here, and knows what a good

little girl you try to be, and is going to let you have a beautiful surprise." Helen threw the shawl away, and ran quickly to the ring of fairies. The Queen welcomed her and told her to be seated in the midst of their circle.

Soon Helen heard the loveliest music, and looked to see where it came from. The wings of the fairies were all fluttering in unison, and the music was so tender and sweet, only fairies could have made it. After the music ceased, the Queen again stood up and told all the fairies to go to each little grass and clover blossom and give them an extra drop of dew, and to whisper to every one that the sunshine would sparkle a merry joke to each of them as it came to drink up the dew.

When the fairies were flying all over

the fields, the Queen of the fairies turned to Helen and said: "Little girl, I am going to give you a little package of fern seed which will take you home safely by wishing to be there, and no one will know you ran away. Helen's big blue eyes opened so wide and her sunburned cheeks became a bright red, so happy and excited she felt to hear what the fairy Queen was saying.

The fairies soon came flying back and formed the fairy circle once more. This time each one had a little lump of honey which they presented to the Queen, bowing in true fairy fashion as they presented it; then they all rose, and, following the Queen, floated off in the beautiful ray of light Helen had seen them arrive in. She watched them out of sight, and burst out laughing with

merriment, to think she had really seen the fairies. Looking around for the shawl, she was just about to pull it up off the ground, when she thought of her fern seed, and, wishing it might take her and the shawl back to her room safely, she opened her eyes and saw her mother standing over her bed.

“Oh, mother,” said Helen, “I am just back from a visit to the fairies. I had such a lovely time.”

Her mother gave her a big kiss, and said, “What a dear little girl I’ve got to dream of the fairies!” But Helen laughed and said, “No, no, mother, I really have seen the Queen of fairyland.”

THE GOLDEN ROD FAIRY.



The Golden Rod Fairy.

WAVING back and forth, as the breezes bent its long golden head, a tall, stately piece of golden-rod stood.

Perched on the top of it, a grass, for

a wand, a fairy was singing. At the other end of the field a little boy with a large sun hat on, was looking about him as though he expected some one.

Soon out of the earth from a hole about six inches wide, a little toad hopped, all covered with dirt. He shook himself, and looked up at the boy as much as to say, "Well, Henry, you are here ahead of me."

Some days before this, little Henry had been eating a big apple under the same tree, and all of a sudden he saw a toad jump down into a hole in the ground. He hurried to look after him, but the toad was gone. The next day he came again and watched that hole, to see if the dusty fellow would again appear. Soon his delight knew no bounds, for the toad came hopping

along and, standing in front of him, said, "Henry, do you know the land where I live?" Little Henry, of course, said "no," and asked if he could not go with him to see where his home was. "There's a fairy that guards our land," said the little Brown Toad, and I shall have to ask her permission before taking you there. Meet me to-morrow about this time, and I'll let you know the fairy's answer."

Thus it was that Henry had come, this bright morning, to meet the toad, and ask him what the fairy had said.

Henry sat upon the ground, and his little friend from the dirt shook himself, threw his head on one side, rolled his eyes, and gave a satisfied hop, as though to settle himself for the good news he was to give. "Tell me, tell

me quickly, Mr. Toad," said Henry, "What does your Fairy say?" "She sent word if you could find her in the golden-rod at the other end of the field, she would arrange for you to go with me to Toad Land."

Henry jumped up, and said, "Good-bye, Mr. Toad, "I'll find her now, and then we will be able to go right away together. "I'll meet you here under the apple tree."

Soon a little boy was seen running across the field to the corner where the golden-rod grew thickest. The wind took his hat and played awhile with it before letting it rest on a soft bed of clover; but Henry never waited, only speeding along to the bright yellow flowers. He halted when reaching the first tall sprays of the waving blossoms,

and, putting his hand up to shade his eyes from the brilliant sun, he gazed over the great mass of gold that waved before him. He could see no fairy, and wondered if the little Brown Toad was fooling him.

Quickly he ran where some very tall golden-rod grew and, kneeling down began to look closely at each stem. He saw two very tiny bright eyes laughing at him, and, gazing longer, discovered such a wee little person, all dressed in gold, that he wondered if that really could be the fairy he was looking for. He had not time to run away or to ask her who she was, for she flew down on his shoulder and whispered in his ear: "Henry, I hear you want to see the land I am Queen of—the land of the little Brown Toads." The little boy was so

pleased and surprised that he could not speak, but smiled and shook his head.

“Well, child, the fairy continued, you see that toads are one of the most useful animals in fairy land, and we always take the greatest care of them. I am Queen of the Toad Land now, and can let you have a wonderful experience, if you will mind me for just a few minutes.” Little Henry so wished to see where Mr. Brown Toad lived that he said, “Yes, Fairy Queen, I will mind you indeed.” Then the long grass was raised in the little Fairy’s hand, and Henry was told to lie down. The grass wand he felt whipping him all over. Such tiny little pats and hits, he nearly laughed aloud to see what the Fairy was doing.

Very soon he began to notice that he

could not see as many golden-rod stalks as he had, and that he could see the fairy much oftener, and felt the grass pats much more severely. The Queen took a broad blade of grass that had a large drop of dew still upon it, and, holding it up before Henry, asked him how he looked. "Why, fairy, how very small I am! How will I ever get back to my mother!"

"You are now ready for Toad Land," remarked the fairy, paying absolutely no attention to the last part of Henry's sentence.

Longing to meet Mr. Toad again that he might ask him some questions, and yet fearing to displease the Queen of Toad Land, the little boy did not know whether to laugh or cry. The Queen, however, very soon took his fears away

by telling him to crawl up on her shoulders, as she was to fly over now to see Mr. Toad. Such a strange ride Henry had! So small was he that he could have stood in his mother's thimble, and all the bugs and butterflies and strange sights he saw as he so swiftly went through the golden rod field, filled him with delight.

Reaching the hole where Mr. Toad lived, the Queen told Henry he could climb down on the ground. How strange everything seemed! Henry sincerely hoped no person would chance to walk over there to get an apple, for he felt he certainly would be crushed if people's feet came too near. Looking for Mr. Toad, he saw what to him now seemed a giant toad, and that, instead of paying any attention to him, he bow-

ed and hopped and hopped and bowed before the Fairy Queen, till the little Queen raised her grass wand and said, "Mr. Toad, I have brought you your little friend Henry, who may now go with you and see the wonders of Toad Land. I shall return to my throne in the golden-rod and when you come back, hop over to me and I will do as you command, for you will know if Henry minds you well or not."

These words the little boy could not quite understand, but felt he would try his best to do whatever Mr. Toad told him. "Hop on my back," said Mr. Toad, and little Henry crept up the best he could and straddled the back of Mr. Toad. "Ah! now what a good time we will have! How fine it will be to show you my own home!" said the toad, as he

started by a single hop down the hole Henry had first seen him come out of.

A long winding passage led into a large room which was very brilliant with red lights. Henry saw a great many big green toads, and as their eyes rolled back and forth fine flashes of light came from them. "Hello, Mr. Brown Toad," said one of the green fellows near the door, "Whom have you brought to visit us now?" "A little friend of mine who has longed to see the wonders of Toad Land," Henry could hear the Brown Toad remark. At that the biggest Green Toad in the crowd hopped down from his high seat and called Henry to him. "So you, my little man, wanted to visit us. Well, here is a key which will let you open three doors at the other end of a long hall which leads

from this room. All of the frogs have not yet decided to make a visit to the sunshine and upper earth. Go, and tell me when you return what you have learned.

Henry caught a reflection of himself from a large crystal-like substance that was stuck in the wall. "What shall I do if I never grow big again?" thought he, "and yet what fun I'd have hiding in father's pocket, and going to work with him, and he not knowing it. Then mother could take me everywhere. What fun I'd have!" His reflections were interrupted by Mr. Brown Toad's hurrying him along to the passage way which led out of the room they were in, to the three doors. "Mr. Brown Toad," called Henry, "I can't run as fast as you hop; do let me crawl on your back

again.” So the little toad stopped and took him on his back, and hopped along as fast as ever he could go. Soon as they reached the end of their path, three little doors, one white, one deep blue, and one green stood before them. “Which will you enter first?” asked Mr. Brown Toad. “Oh! I’ll just peep into that lovely green one,” said Henry. Then taking the little key which the big Green Toad had given him, he put it into the key hole and the little door slid back as though it were on a spring. Here Henry was surprised to find a mass of tiny steps going in all directions. How nimbly he could run up and down them, and how the little Mr. Brown Toad laughed to see him enjoying these many winding stairways. “Why,” said Henry, “where am I going

to? What do all these funny little steps mean?" "Hurry up, and you will see. They only seem long to you because you can't hop," said the Toad; "we always take five or six steps at once.

Henry persevered until he reached the highest step, and then to his delight saw a platform where he could stand, with a tiny seat to rest upon. The little Brown Toad, with a few hops, came and sat beside him, saying: "Well, little boy, you are seeing what few little boys have ever seen."

As they looked before them a white curtain seemed to spread itself, and still gazing, they saw passing on the curtain screen the funniest scenes of little and big toads playing circus. Henry laughed out loud and Mr. Brown Toad rolled his eyes to such a degree,

Henry thought they surely would drop out. After the toads on the screen, like magic lantern pictures, passed by, Mr. Brown Toad said, "Now, little boy, we must hurry up if we want to see what is in the other two doors your little key unlocks, and more of Toad Land, before we must return to our Queen in the golden-rod field."

Henry found he could skip down the stairs much faster than he went up, and, reaching the bottom, ran to the second door to put his little key in the lock.

What a lovely blue! It seemed to shine like a sapphire. The little key fitted easily, and it flew open as if it were so glad to have a little boy from the upper earth come down to visit the Toad Land. A long, narrow blue light like a ribbon started from the door, and

disappeared in the distance. Mr. Brown Toad said, "Don't lose a moment; we must follow this blue path, and such a great surprise at the end of our journey!" Henry ran as fast as he could, and once more he called Mr. Brown Toad to take him on his back, for he was so anxious to get to the end of the little blue lane. Hop and a jump, hop and a jump, and how fast Henry felt he was going; he seemed to feel he was on a see-saw, such funny little jumps the little toad made. Soon the blue-ribbon light began to broaden and Henry saw a big pool of blue water, it was like a lake to him, and the frogs were having the greatest fun diving into the water and bringing out "surprises"—sometimes a toy to play with, sometimes a dainty to eat, and again

some little carriage or wagon, to which they would harness each other, and run off for a ride, and perhaps have races, which many of the frogs would watch and laugh over.

Soon a big Black Frog suggested that Henry get into one little carriage and Mr. Brown Toad into another and have a race. The winner should receive as a present the very next "surprise" drawn from the lake. Henry was delighted, and harnessed two of the cunningest little toads you ever saw to his carriage. Mr. Brown Toad got one very pretty little yellow-eyed toad, and when they were all ready, a big Black Frog with green eyes was to splash into the water, and be the signal for the start. "One, two, three! splash!" and off went the race. Mr. Brown Toad's

toad hopped and hopped. How fast he went! Little Henry's team kept a steady pace, and yet they only just were in reach of Mr. Brown Toad's carriage. The little toads and frogs all croaked and squeaked and laughed, and jumped into the pool, splashing and making the water sparkle with big drops dancing about. Such excitement! The little carriages were now turning. Henry was getting nearer and nearer Mr. Brown Toad's pace. They were very close to the pool, and Mr. Black Frog was hopping with such antics that he almost lost sight of the finish, when Henry's two dear little toads had gone so fast they out-hopped Mr. Brown Toad's wagon, and won the race for Henry.

Mr. Big Black Frog jumped quickly

into the blue lake and brought back a very pretty little ring. This he presented to Henry and told him he could make one wish that would surely come true, but to be careful not to lose the ring.

Mr. Brown Toad now said to Henry they had been there much longer than they expected, and must again hurry, if he would enter the third and lovely white door. Back they went. Mr. Brown Toad never hopped with such agility. He had become so fond of his little companion, that he hated the thought of letting him leave him.

Standing before the white door, so pure and like a crystal, Henry could see his reflection, and laughed to see the size of himself. At first he had almost felt afraid, when he knew he was so

tiny, but now it seemed as if he would like to stay a long time with Mr. Brown Toad, and see more and more of his strange land. He did not have time to think very much, as the little key he was fitting into the door turned the lock, and once again the door flew open. How lovely a sight! Surely this could not belong to Toad Land! Long diamond stones hung from the ceiling, shimmering exquisite colors, and the ground was covered with a silvery dust, and lovely star-like flowers seemed to spring up everywhere. Henry could see the tiniest little toads and frogs, and of such a beautiful color! He stood still a moment to look at the lovely scene. "Why, Mr. Brown Toad," he asked, "do these toads look so different from all we have seen?"

Why can't we go into this pretty room?"

"Here, said his little guide, are the toads that have lived long enough in that upper earth you came from, to never return. *We* don't like to stay up there, our greatest longing is to be able to reach Toad Land and remain here. Yet every one of us has to stay there until he has become unselfish and perfect as a toad on the upper earth may be. This lovely place is kept alone for those who need never leave, and are always finding new joys and pleasures which we as yet cannot even understand."

Henry listened, all attention. How wonderful it all seemed! Here was a little toad teaching him so much, and he had thought he knew a great deal more than any little frog or toad he had

seen while playing about the country.

Mr. Brown Toad suddenly turned and told Henry to fly up on his back, it was so late, and they must be back to their hole in the ground in time to find the Queen, or he should be severely punished. Never had Mr. Brown Toad hopped so fast. The beauties and interesting sights they had seen kept them longer than they had dreamed of, and now he hated to think what would happen if he were late.

Rushing back, they reached the great bed-room just in time to hear the biggest toad say: "Too late! Too late! you cannot leave Toadville in the proper way now till to-morrow."

Poor little Henry began to cry, and thought now of his home, the big apple tree, and how he would be missed by

everybody. Mr. Brown Toad shed the most pitiful tears when thinking of the dreadful punishment which all toads got when remaining away from their duties too long. Just then, while rubbing his eyes, small Henry felt the ring he had won as a prize from the deep blue pool. "Hurrah," he cried, "dear Mr. Brown Toad, what foolish friends we were, I do *so* wish we were once more beneath our old apple tree!" He no sooner expressed these words, than, looking about them, they discovered themselves on the edge of the little dirt hole, where Henry had first met his little friend, Mr. Brown Toad.

"Is it not fine we had the ring! But, child, run along quickly to our Queen."
"No! no!" said Henry, "you must take me," and with that he again hopped on

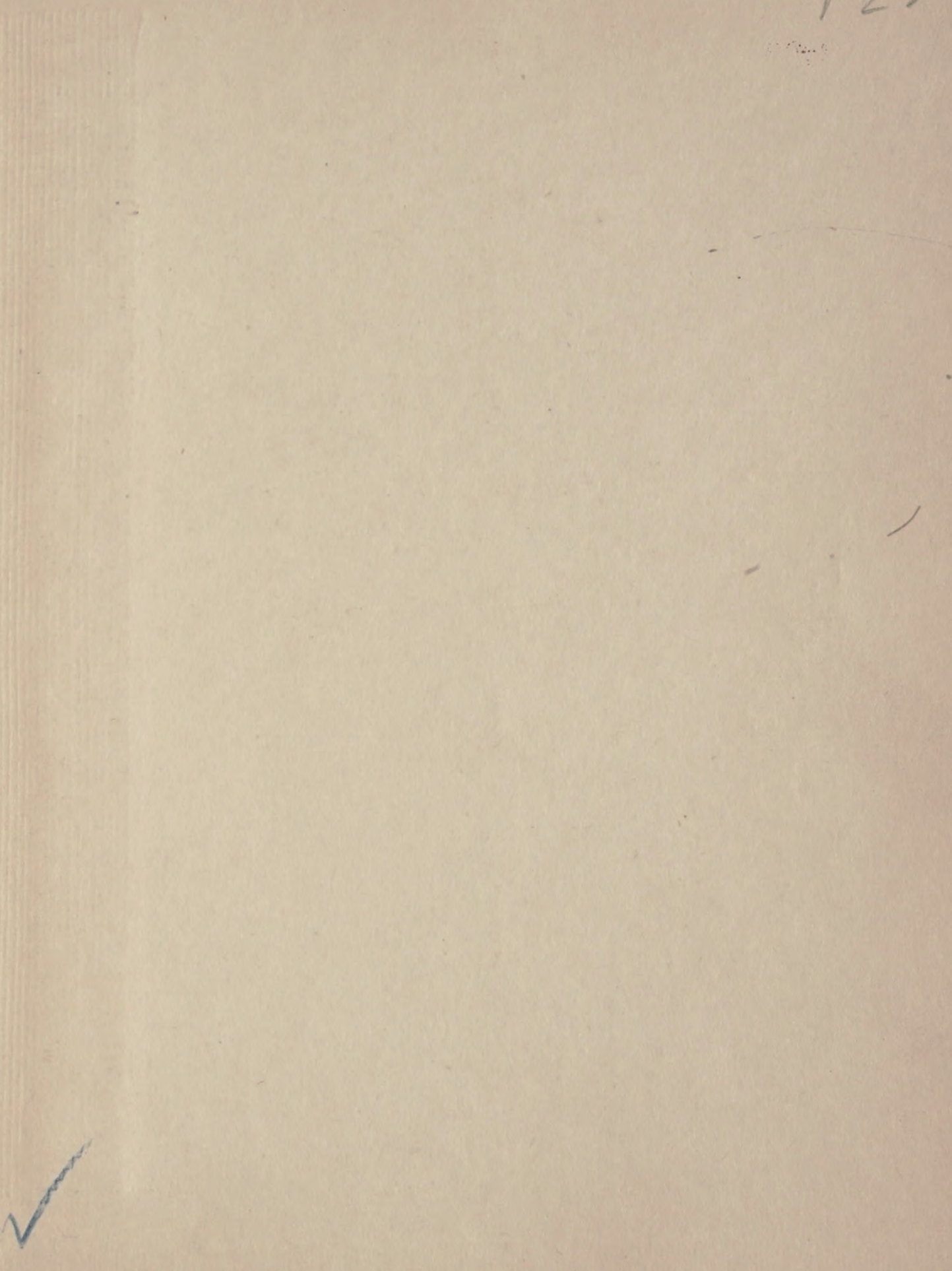
Mr. Brown Toad's back. They soon reached the great golden-rod corner, and the little toad seemed to know his way straight to where the Queen sat upon her golden throne. "You have been gone a long time little one," she said. "I was beginning to wonder if I would have to punish you. Lie down little boy, and, as long as Brown Toad says you have obeyed and been so good, I'll let you run home to your mother." Again the grass wand began to pat him, and it seemed like a spanking in earnest, but as he grew bigger and bigger, the little hits made him laugh, for he thought the little Queen was tickling him. Soon she said close to his ear, "Get up, now, and remember not to be unkind to a poor little toad, for toads have a world of their own."

Henry stood up, and again he gazed over the golden rod, this time standing above it. He told Mr. Brown Toad that he would be often over to call on him at his dirt hole, and perhaps he could visit Toad Land again. With this he ran over the field, past the apple tree, and reached home just as he found his mother coming to look for him.

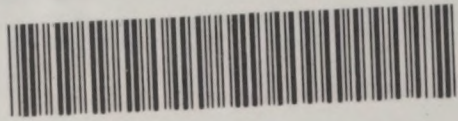
“Why, my darling child, where have you been? I thought you were lost. It is so long since you started for your apple tree.”

And little Henry climbed upon his mother's lap as they sat on the porch steps together, and told her of his wonderful experience.

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